

*Portrait of Hemingway*

GROSVENOR July 22, 1961

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# America

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## FRANCO SPAIN TODAY

*by Gabriel Gersh*

## The Church in Spain

*by F. Robert Melina*

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# America

National Catholic Weekly Review

Vol. 105 No. 17 July 22, 1961 Whole Number 2719

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# Correspondence

## Vocation Ads

EDITOR: An anonymous letter (6/24) criticizes vocation ads that appear in *AMERICA* for their matter-of-fact approach. The directors of vocations for various religious orders cannot be expected to be trained advertising executives. Nor is that needed. Those attracted to a vocation by glamorous advertising methods would seem to be a poor vocation risk.

THEODORE STUCKART, M.D.  
Stayton, Ore.

## Jehovah's Witnesses

EDITOR: It was good to see Mr. Muller's article "These Jehovah's Witnesses" (6/24). As a 43-year-old Catholic who has had considerable experience with Jehovah's Witnesses for 20 years, and has an extensive knowledge of their teaching, I know their effect on those of weak faith. Many devoted Witnesses are former Catholics, and it is my belief that they would still be members of Christ's Body had they received a helping hand from an understanding and knowledgeable priest or layman.

I concur with Mr. Muller when he notes that only well-informed Catholics can cope with members of this organization. It is my personal experience that little can be gained by a discussion with them. However, we are obliged to speak of the faith that is in us. As a former Witness has explained, it is difficult to see truth as long as one is a constant reader of the sect's literature.

CHARLES P. SMITH  
Bethlehem, Pa.

## Ecumenical Corrective

EDITOR: "Perspectives for the Council" (6/3), the illuminating interview conducted by Eugene C. Bianchi, S.J., with the distinguished Père Yves Congar, O.P., was an expression and reflection of Père Congar's great talent and experience as an ecumenical theologian. He gave clear, admirably related points of view on the coming Ecumenical Council. However, I think that one point of view seems a trifle misaligned and blurred, namely, Père Congar's explanation of the inadvisability of any Marian declaration by the coming Council.

In explaining his position, Fr. Congar states that defining new Marian doctrine, at this time, would constitute "an almost definitive obstacle to the unity of Christians." He is of the opinion that such a subject as the co-redemption or the universal

mediation of Mary is "not yet mature in the conscience of the Church; not sufficiently clear to be the subject of a dogmatic declaration."

Take, for instance, the definition of the Assumption. This definition has compelled serious-minded Protestants and Orthodox to re-examine their dogmatic position in ecumenical discussions. As an ecumenical catalyst, the definition of the Assumption has cleared much of the complacency and apathy from the ecumenical atmosphere. In many instances, I believe, it has decomposed a nebulous irenics into essential ecumenical elements of clear-cut Christological and ecclesiological issues. At the same time, it has accelerated the combining of similarities converging on reunion with Rome.

If I judge correctly, the Protestant and Orthodox objection to the definition of the Assumption of Mary is not based on any resentment to this new honor conferred on Mary (for whom many Protestants and Orthodox have a profound devotion) but rather on what they regard as the basic obstacle to unity, namely, papal authority. The Protestants and Orthodox do not see eye to eye with Roman Catholics on the power of the Pope to declare and define a truth, Marian or otherwise, as a divinely revealed dogma.

JOHN P. MURPHY, S.J.  
Weston, Mass.

## Prayer for the President

EDITOR: In my missal (the Knox edition) I find prayers to be said for the Queen, for the Royal Consort and the Royal Family. In a French missal I find a prayer for the French Republic and one for the King of the Belgians. Why shouldn't a prayer be added for American Catholics so that they can pray explicitly for their President and their country? Both certainly need divine assistance.

MARY E. McLAUGHLIN  
Hollywood, Calif.

## Bracing Statement

EDITOR: Your editorial "The Fight for Freedom" (7/1) is almost too good to be true. The fact that you featured it as well is cause for an unrestrained shout of joy.

Added to William Kennedy's "The Policies of the Pentagon" (in spite of your disclaimer) and Fr. Gardiner's blast in the book section, it almost reads like an issue of *National Review* [sic].

Imagine—a severe criticism of Admini-

stration "policy," a stand for determination in foreign "policy" backed up by military might, and a good old-fashioned, angry and unequivocal denunciation of filth—all in one issue!! It could lead one to conclude that you actually do pull your heads out of the sand once in a while to take a look at the facts of life. Congratulations—and please take a good *hard* look while you're up.

RICHARD R. RYAN  
Loudonville, N.Y.

## The Changing Priesthood

EDITOR: Your editorial "Priest and Layman" (7/1) seems to assert that the lay apostolate is needed because the priesthood by its very nature cannot change to meet modern needs. The priesthood is changeless, but the priest can and should adapt.

(Rev.) JOHN L. ELIAS  
Easton, Pa.

## Retarded Dawn

EDITOR: I am sorry to see *AMERICA* (6/10) taking a hold-back-the-dawn attitude on man in space. Where are our Catholic Isabellas and Columboes?

(Mrs.) NORMA KRAUSE HERZFELD  
Silver Spring, Md.

## Race Relations

EDITOR: Fr. George Dunne's article "God Bless America" (6/17) ignores the fact that much has been accomplished in establishing good race relations in the United States. A French woman once expressed surprise to me when she saw a white American sailor talking to a Negro. She was under the impression that whites and Negroes automatically fought one another. Your *AMERICA* article would have done nothing to change her impression.

JANET MARTIN  
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR: Sitting in my back yard on the Fourth of July in the blissful tranquility of suburbia, I read "God Bless America."

If I could award the Pulitzer or Nobel Prizes, Fr. Dunne would sure get one or both. This article should be reprinted, and a copy hung in the vestibule of every Catholic church, in the South as well as in the North.

To *AMERICA*, keep up this fine work. We need it so much.

HUGH MACKAY  
President  
South Central District  
St. Louis Archdiocesan  
Council of Catholic Men  
Crestwood, Mo.

# Current Comment

## Expiation in Germany

Outside of Israel, it is in Germany that the trial of Adolf Eichmann has the most profound impact. A representative and responsible reaction is that expressed by the German bishops in a recent statement. We can do no better than to summarize, almost in their very words, the points made in this remarkably candid and succinct declaration:

1. These things (the extermination of Jews by the Nazis) happened because the political leadership of our people presumed to abrogate the eternal laws of God.

2. Our people must try to do everything humanly possible to make amends for the injustices done to the Jewish people and to other peoples.

3. Material restitution is necessary but not sufficient.

4. Catholics should therefore explore, in a spirit of repentance, God's forgiveness for the sins committed by fellow Germans, and also beg for the spirit of peace and reconciliation.

5. To their prayers, priests and laymen should add public acts of expiation.

6. All those on whom the responsibility of the nation rests today should in conscience resist every new attempt to violate the dignity and rights of man.

As a final point, the bishops urged the faithful to cherish the memory of men and women "who in the dark hours of our history, at the risk of their own lives, helped the persecuted and often suffered with them unto death." There were more of these gallant anti-Nazis than most non-Germans realize.

## The Meaning of Work

Summer always reminds those of us who work in offices innocent of air conditioning that we are to make our living "by the sweat of our brow." Indeed, ask the average Christian what religion has to say about work, and he is likely to have no other biblical quotation handy. It would be helpful, accordingly, especially in summer, for us to reread Genesis and learn that God charged man with the task of tilling the soil and

subduing the earth. This was before Adam sinned, and had nothing to do with punishment.

On the feast of St. Joseph the Worker, May 1, two princes of the Church had much to say about the meaning of work. Cardinal Achille Liénart, addressing workers of his diocese of Lille, stated clearly that "the Church does not preach mere resignation, as is usually said; on the contrary, she asks us to tackle the problem and work to build a better, more human and more Christian world."

In a learned discourse given at Rome's Gregorian University, Cardinal Giacomo Lercaro pointed out four Christian meanings of work. First, it is a *human* activity, geared to the development of man's God-given capacities. Second, work is (in the words of Pius XII) "ennobling, since it continues the work begun by the Creator." It is a real collaboration with God, needed for the perfection of the cosmos.

Next, says Cardinal Lercaro, work is an "exercise of love": for everything the Christian produces by work is for the good of others—"a service given to our brothers." Only finally, as the Cardinal sees it, is there the "sweat-of-man's-brow" meaning, and this he places in a much higher context: "fulfilling the Redemption." Work, to the Christian, has the mark of sacrifice and worship, intimately and affectionately linked to the sacrifice of Christ.

## Laymen Move Up

The Archbishop of Montreal, Cardinal Paul-Emile Léger, practices what he preaches. At St. Jean Seminary on June 17, he said that laymen could legitimately aspire to positions of responsibility in Catholic schools (AM. 7/8, p. 497). Two weeks later he replaced the three priests on the Montreal Catholic School Commission with laymen.

Earlier, St. Paul College had been entrusted to lay direction, and a layman was appointed vice-rector of the (Catholic) University of Montreal. The four members of the Montreal Catholic School Commission appointed by the

Provincial government are also laymen.

Under the circumstances, it is instructive to look back at statements the Cardinal put on the record recently.

At the second national meeting of Catholic Action committees, held in Montreal on May 21, the Cardinal noted the need for "profound disinterestedness and great humility" on the part of priests and religious, "to accept the abandoning of tasks which are dear to them" and "to show great confidence in the laity." In the speech at St. Jean's the Cardinal said the growing presence of the laity in education should not be confused with any surrender to secularism. The Church, the Cardinal stressed, is not the hierarchy alone; the influx of lay teachers, for example, "bespeaks an enlargement of the Church's apostolic corps."

The seven-man Montreal Catholic School Commission does apostolic work on a big scale. In the past twelve years it spent some \$64 million for 229 new schools and \$20 million for renovation of old schools. It approved the use of \$20 million for projects this year. In those twelve years student enrollment under the Commission's care rose from 103,000 to 174,000. The Cardinal's appointments indicate to laymen everywhere the size of the job that can be theirs.

## No First Grade

Three large parochial schools in the Cincinnati Archdiocese will drop the first grade this fall. A shortage of teachers, coupled with rising costs and enrollment, was given as the principal reason for the move.

Recently the Archdiocesan School Board issued a regulation setting the maximum number of children in a parochial school classroom at 50. At the same time the board announced as a general policy that, where curtailment of parochial school services became necessary, some lower grades should be dropped rather than upper grades.

The Archdiocesan School Board deserves commendation for limiting the number of children in a classroom. Catholic education is desirable because it is Catholic. But first it must be education. The most friendly critic in the world cannot help wondering how effective is the education given in overcrowded classrooms. The teachers who



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have to preside over 80 or 90 children in a room no doubt have stopped wondering: they *know*.

We also agree that where classes must be dropped in the Catholic schools, it is better to knock off rungs at the bottom rather than the top of the educational ladder. Adolescents have more need of a religious element in their education than do small children. The little ones are closer to their parents and more receptive to religious and moral guidance at their hands.

Yet there is a danger in dropping even one grade in a parochial school. Some parents will be reluctant to send their child to a parochial school once he has begun attending another school. The necessity that has forced three Catholic schools in Cincinnati to close their first grades must be a cause of regret to all of us.

### Spread of Educational TV

Television, like the wheel, is with us to stay, and it would be a good idea for us to learn to make the most of it. With features drawn from all mass media, it is both a means of communication and of entertainment. In a society where the entertainment industry is so influential, it would be unrealistic for us to expect all or most TV shows to be principally cultural, in the narrow sense of the word. Self-improvement will always involve more effort than simply pushing a button.

However, an enormous aid to education has been developing in the use of TV. Some forty countries are now doing educational work in the medium, and Henry H. Cassirer, of the Unesco staff in Paris, has just published a great number of relevant facts on the subject (Unesco Publications Center, 801 Third Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.). While the United States leads, Japan is a close second. In Italy, approximately a million viewers systematically continue their education, gathered around "Tele-scuola" sets. France has more than 3,000 rural schools equipped to share in the finest urban cultural advantages. Here at home, some 7,500 schools and 250 colleges now serve between 3 and 4 million students.

There is, of course, a wider informal use of educational TV. In almost every metropolitan area of the United States, noncommercial stations offer regular ed-

ucational and cultural programs. Among these stations—50 in number—there is a "pool" arrangement by which excellent videotapes made by the larger stations can be shared by all.

The New York City area seems finally about to join these fortunate centers. A group of public-minded citizens has offered to purchase WNTA-TV (Newark, N.J.). If the Governor of New Jersey does not carry out his threat to block the sale, millions of viewers will be able to enjoy the advantages of educational TV. This may be an appropriate place to exhort our readers to take an active part in supporting their own local stations.

### Unions and Antitrust Laws

The Texas State bar convention listened carefully when Sen. John L. McClellan (Dem. Ark.), chairman of the Senate's select committee to investigate improper activities in labor-management relations, urged that antitrust regulations be applied to unions. The Supreme Court in a series of cases during the 1940's practically eliminated the application of these laws to organized labor.

Labor listened, too, for here was a threat to reactivate one of the banes of its early existence. Along with the judicial injunction, the antitrust laws had for years rendered unions impotent, and success in neutralizing these obstacles had come late and at great cost.

What motivates Sen. McClellan to reinstate the antitrust approach to unions is the element of size and power. While these features of themselves are no more reprehensible in a union than they are in a business, they do constitute a danger when used irresponsibly.

Labor cannot object to a demand that its power be subservient to the national interest, but it can reasonably oppose action that jeopardizes its security and implies retrogression.

It is anything but clear what Sen. McClellan and other opponents of big unionism hope to accomplish by subjecting labor to the antitrust laws. Do they seek to restrict the right to strike? Are they trying to ban industry-wide bargaining? Or do they wish to splinter and fragmentize the unions, limiting their operations to an individual plant or company?

Whatever the aim, revoking the Clayton Act of 1914, which exempted unions

from the antitrust laws because labor "is not an article of commerce," hardly seems calculated to promote industrial justice and peace.

### New Lord High Executioner?

Taking a hint from the *Mikado* and considering that "As some day it may happen that a victim must be found," the John Birch Society is preparing to make sure that it will have "a little list" of social liberals who might well go underground, "and who never would be missed—who never would be missed!"

According to the society's bulletin, not more than a million and a half can expect to make this unenviable Who's Who. Of these only about one-third are Communist party members, the others being "allies, dupes and sympathizers."

Members of the society have been furnished with instructions on what information to submit, with the assurance that no use will be made of their nominations until all references are checked and evaluated.

We do not believe that the sincere anti-Communist will accept this as a positive, constructive program. It does not seem consistent with the alleged prudence, responsibility and balanced intelligence of the rank and file of the society to display the organization as a brood of informers engaged in a hunt for possible victims. Apart from the ineffectual waste of time and money, the whole idea typifies the negative, aimless and pseudo-hysteria of the society's leadership. What do they plan to do once they have "a little list"?

Our contention has been that anti-Communist efforts are seriously harmed by anything even remotely resembling a purely emotional fear or hatred of Communists. We do not believe in ghosts—even when they are Marxian!

### Campus Gadflies

California's Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown is not alarmed by the non-conformist antics of many college students. He welcomes student involvement in public demonstrations, freedom rides and dissident activities generally. He is glad when the students go on the picket line, even when they picket himself. Whether the students are right or wrong is not important for him. Indeed, part of their education is to learn to

make their own mistakes. "If America is still on the way up," the Governor told June graduates at the University of Santa Clara, "it will welcome this new, impatient, critical crop of young gadflies. It will be fearful only of the complacent and passive."

No doubt a fair number of the speaker's adult listeners, harking back to recent events on the University of California campus, thought the Governor was encouraging anarchy where enough dangerous chaos exists already. But we think we understand what considerations provoked this seemingly feckless salute to permanent student unrest. Whether we adults like it or not, youth has always had an instinctive impatience with the *status quo*. It is not surprising that in an era like our own, characterized as it is by vast and rapid change, the college should become a crucial center of social ferment. As the Governor put it: "The colleges have become boot camps for citizenship—and citizen leaders are marching out of them."

Catholic educators are searching diligently these days for ways of improving the quality of leadership training on our campuses. Instead of rejecting Governor Brown's audacious program out of hand, perhaps they would be well advised to give it a closer second look. Gadflies are not necessarily poisonous.

## Hoffa Rides High

When John F. English, veteran 72-year-old secretary-treasurer of the Teamster Brotherhood, rose to nominate James Riddle Hoffa for the union's presidency, he presented him to the 2,000 delegates at Miami Beach as "the man with the most guts in America." Even though some hyperbole is traditional on these occasions, one might wish that Mr. English had chosen his words more carefully. Not that "Jimmy" Hoffa is wanting in raw courage and toughness of mind—especially when he has a stable of competent and expensive lawyers at his elbow. Jimmy is hard enough. But the word Mr. English wanted, the word that sums Hoffa up more precisely than any other, the word that exactly labels the man's iron-fisted manipulation of the Miami Beach convention is not "guts." It is gall.

There have been other Caesars in U.S. labor—men enamored of their own

talents, scornful of their opponents, contemptuous of the rank and file—but none of them, with the possible exception of John L. Lewis at the height of his power, ever matched Hoffa's effrontery at Miami Beach.

Hoffa revised the Teamster constitution to gather all authority into his hands. He expanded the union's jurisdiction to include "all workmen engaged in industry." He raised his salary to \$75,000 a year—the highest in organized labor—because he has a bigger job, he explained, than corporation officials who receive much more. To finance the projects he ambitions, political as well as trade union in character, he imposed a dues increase and compelled the locals to raise their annual payment to the international from \$8 million to \$20 million. Then pouring salt on the wounds, he forced through a constitutional change that will have the effect of barring practically all rank and filers from future conventions.

## ... "Upon What Meat"

Even more dismayingly than Hoffa's crude, barefaced grab for power was the scorn he showed his opponents.

With open contempt for Congress and the courts, he had the convention vote "whole-hearted ratification" of all his actions and those of his fellow officers over the past four years. The resolution specifically included the \$500,000 Florida land deal for which Hoffa is under Federal indictment.

With open contempt for public opinion, he eliminated from the union constitution a clause barring racketeers from membership.

With open contempt for a minority of delegates who proposed that international officers be elected in a secret ballot by the entire Teamster membership—and not, as they now are, by convention delegates in open session—Hoffa said that those unwilling to answer a convention roll call were "yellow-bellied bums."

With open contempt for the AFL-CIO, whose imminent demise he predicted if it refused to readmit the Teamsters, he referred to President George Meany as "that dopey, thickheaded Irishman."

On reviewing Mr. Hoffa's astounding performance, so damaging to the public image of organized labor, we are moved

to ask a question. Shakespeare phrased it perfectly more than three centuries ago:

Now in the names of all the gods  
at once,

Upon what meat doth this our  
Caesar feed,

That he is grown so great?

Another question occurs to us, too. Addressed in contemporary idiom to rank-and-file teamsters across the land, it is this: "Are we men or are we mice?"

## Debts Pass a Trillion

In other times and other places, people might shake worried heads over the debt load of us Americans. Except for some apprehension about the Federal debt, few of our contemporaries are disturbed by it. A few weeks ago when Treasury Secretary Dillon announced that for the first time in our history our debts topped a trillion dollars, many newspapers never even published the news. In tabular form, this is the not uninteresting story of a flood of red ink which they ignored:

### Total U.S. Debt (In billions)

Federal Government . . . . .	\$290
State and local government . .	69
Corporate . . . . .	358
Individual . . . . .	296
Total . . . . .	1,013

No doubt, one of the reasons for viewing these figures with equanimity is the wide realization that debt of various kinds is an integral and dynamic part of the U.S. economy. It enables individuals to buy homes and all sorts of other things—thereby creating jobs and generating sales and profits—and helps business to build plants and invest in new machines. Then, too, one man's debts are another man's assets, and many a debtor is also a creditor. Finally, if the American people owe a trillion dollars, they possess much more than that in fixed and current assets. And their income, the last time we looked, was running at a rate of \$414 billion a year.

Even the richest country in the world can, of course, overdo things; and there is no question that every day individuals and families, and businesses, too, do contract debts recklessly. Looking at the picture as a whole, however, the experts don't think that we have overextended ourselves.

## Reds Checked in British Labor

LONDON—On June 28 judgment was finally delivered in the long drawn-out high court action brought against the executive of the influential 250,000-member Electrical Trades Union for alleged ballot-rigging. During the 38-day hearing, more than 150 witnesses had been called, and the transcript of their evidence runs into a million and a quarter words.

In the past few years there have been many unconfirmed rumors about ballot-rigging in the ETU. For 15 years now the election of Communist candidates to important union posts has become commonplace. The entire eleven-member union executive, headed by President Frank Foulkes, is connected with the Communist party, and Communist influence at the top of the union is supreme.

In December, 1959, two candidates stood in the election for general secretary of the ETU—Frank Haxell, a long-time member of the national executive of the Communist party, and John Byrne, a Glasgow Catholic. In due course union headquarters announced the result of the ballot: Haxell, 19,611 votes; Byrne, 18,577 votes—a majority of 1,034 votes for Haxell.

The matter might have rested there but for the fact that the votes of over a hundred ETU branches had been disqualified on various pretexts by headquarters—and the vast majority of these branches had voted pro-Byrne.

As a result John Byrne and another ETU member brought a civil action against the union executive, seeking a declaration that Haxell's election was void and asking damages for conspiracy to secure the election of a Communist.

During the course of the action, it was revealed that no less than 106 out of the 113 disqualified branches had voted for Byrne. The reason given in many cases for disqualification was disregard of the union's rule that the results of local ballots should be sent to union headquarters within five days of voting. Branch secretary after branch secretary testified that despite the fact they had mailed the results within a day of holding the ballots, their returns had been disqualified for lateness. One local secretary said that the voting at his branch had taken place on December 15, with Byrne receiving 24 votes, Haxell one. Though he had mailed this result the following day, it had been rejected on the grounds of lateness. When he had gone to ETU headquarters to protest, he had been shown an envelope postmarked January 1. The plaintiffs maintained that in 58 cases the envelopes produced by the defendants were fraudulent.

In a certain local ballot, Haxell received 42 votes, yet the minutes of the executive council reported that he had received 69. In the case of the Preston branch, the plaintiffs declared that Haxell's vote of 101 had mysteriously increased to 191 after the returns had been sent to headquarters. Another branch secretary testified that he had received some completed postal votes two days before he himself had issued the balloting forms. On examining these postal votes, he had found that they were all for Haxell, the Communist candidate.

THE ETU executive admitted from the start of the case that the election was invalid, but denied that there had been any conspiracy in favor of Haxell; it was even suggested that the whole affair was an anti-Communist maneuver to discredit ETU officials.

But after reserving judgment for ten days, Justice (Sir Rodger) Winn found differently. He ruled that ETU President Foulkes, Communist candidate Haxell and three other ETU officials had conspired by fraud, unlawful devices and dishonest trickery to rig the election results. The judge observed that not only was the ETU managed and controlled by the Communist party, but that it had been made to serve the ideals of the CP. In a supplementary ruling four days later, he ousted Mr. Haxell and declared Mr. Byrne secretary as of July 3.

Judge Winn's decision was interpreted by the *Daily Telegraph* as a mortal blow to continued Communist domination of the key electrical union. The *Daily Mirror* shouted in big headlines: "Now Reds Have Lost Their Stronghold."

Certainly, to all unionists who are working to eliminate Communist infiltration in labor circles, the verdict came as heartening news. The revelation of the state of affairs within the Communist-dominated ETU may do much to diminish the apathy of rank-and-file members. In the disputed election, for example, only 18 per cent of ETU members bothered to vote. It will be interesting to see the results of the nominations, soon to be held, for a new ETU executive council. Maybe the court case will help to make the ETU motto "Light and Liberty" a trifle more appropriate in the future.

More important, the case has focused public attention on the labor unions of Britain, where 3,024,000 working days were lost last year through strikes—as compared to West Germany's corresponding figure of 37,723. Was a Communist hand behind some of those strikes?

MICHAEL COOPER



# Washington Front

## THE MAKING OF A PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON READERS are seizing on a book they are already convinced will be the history of the 1960 campaign. Theodore H. White's *The Making of the President 1960* is subtitled "A Narrative History of American Politics in Action," and it certainly is. Mr. White, formerly a reporter for *Time* and an erstwhile successful novelist, observed at firsthand most of the events he records. What a difference it makes.

Here is Sen. Hubert Humphrey at the Jewish Community Center in Milwaukee the Sunday before the Wisconsin primary, his voice gone, speaking anyway, when his vocal chords miraculously begin to function again, as he says: "Every now and then I read in the paper how disorderly Hubert Humphrey's campaign is and I say, *thank God*."

Here is Sen. Stuart Symington at a lunch table before the convention, discoursing brilliantly on the art of government, revealing to Mr. White the "executive spirit" the public hardly ever saw. Here is Adlai Stevenson sitting under the trees at Libertyville, speaking of world events, being interrupted by frantic backers on the telephone.

Here are the leaders of the Democratic party at the Kennedy hide-out in Los Angeles, diffidently and tentatively hailing their new leader as he goes forth to claim the nomination he had insisted upon over all their reservations.

Here is the Republican Platform Committee in Chicago: "Of my memories of the Republican convention, the one I like best is the placid colloquy (in the midst of general strife) between the education subcommittee and several witnesses on the problems of gifted children. . . ."

In his incredibly lively and even suspenseful account, Mr. White takes the readers through those jumbled days and sleepless nights which constituted the campaign. He shows the dilemma of Richard Nixon, uncertain whether to fight for the North or the South, indulging increasingly in what Mr. White calls "public privacy," desperately trying to shape his identity as a human being for his audiences.

He shows John Kennedy, increasingly certain (after the first debate), increasingly relaxed, even overconfident, sustained by his family, his organization, his determination.

He shows President Eisenhower, spoiling for action, being held back in keeping with the mysterious Nixon time-table which called for a careful crescendo. Mr. White thinks that had the President, who personified Mr. Nixon's position in a popular Administration, been called in earlier, it might have made the difference.

Washington readers are finding the whole twice-told tale fascinating as retold once again by Mr. White. He is a brilliant reporter and a compassionate commentator. What's more, he relishes politics. His book is almost escape reading in these days of the Berlin crisis, and may induce in readers from the President on down a nostalgia for the "good old days," as the Kennedy camp might now regard that insanely strenuous campaign.

MARY MCGRORY

## On All Horizons

**UNSUNG HEROES** • During the Nazi persecution, tens of thousands of Jews escaped death due to the help given by anti-Nazi Germans. A grateful Jewish survivor, Kurt R. Grossmann, has collected dramatic testimonies of heroic sacrifice, to render justice to the truth, in an anthology *Die unbesungenen Helden* (Arani Verlag, Berlin, DM 13.80). This book can be ordered by your bookseller through Textar Co., 200 W. 34th St., New York 1, N.Y.

**FAMILY LIFE** • A research meeting on "Aspects of Conjugal Spirituality" will be held at Holy Family Retreat House, Harrow, Ontario (near Detroit), Aug. 21-23. Attendance is by invitation only, but qualified professionals (priests, doctors, lawyers, teachers, lay leaders of family movements, counselors, etc.)

may obtain an invitation by writing to Family Life Bureau, NCWC, 1312 Mass. Ave., N.W., Wash. 5, D.C., giving name, address and qualifications.

**IDEA** • An unusual study week has been planned by seminarians at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., for Aug. 6-12. "The Ethical Aftermath of Automation" is the theme, and men like Dennis J. Comey, S.J., James C. O'Brien of the Steelworkers, Sen. Barry M. Goldwater, Msgr. George G. Higgins, and AMERICA's Fr. Benjamin L. Masse -16 in all-will participate. Idea man: F. X. Quinn, S.J.

**WRITERS** • For those seeking professional guidance in free-lance writing and marketing, a one- or two-week writers' conference will be offered at

Georgetown Univ., Aug. 7-18: the first week, fiction; the second, nonfiction. Rooms on campus can be arranged for all participants—clerical, lay or religious. Further information from Dr. Riley Hughes, Georgetown Univ., Wash. 7, D.C.

**ETV** • School administrators are invited to a three-day educational TV conference at Fordham Univ., July 24-26. Twelve executives and authorities in the field make up the conference faculty. Tuition, \$10. Write ETV Conference, Fordham Univ., New York 58, N.Y.

**YCS** • One hundred high school leaders from all parts of the U.S. will meet this year at St. Benedict College, Atchison, Kan., Aug. 21-25, for the Young Christian Students national study week. Their subject: the student apostolate. YCS headquarters is at 1700 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill. W.H.Q.



# Editorials

## *L'Osservatore Romano*

IN MANY WAYS the Vatican's newspaper, the *Osservatore Romano*, is the exemplar of all Catholic journals. In other respects, as the Pope's own international organ, it is in a class by itself. For either of these reasons, the centennial of the illustrious "politico-religious" daily is an event of particular interest to the Catholic and non-Catholic reading public the world over.

The first issue of the "Roman Observer" (to translate its title into English) is dated July 1, 1861. This was the beginning of a long career of effective journalism in defense of the Holy See and the Church. Though its primary concern was with the momentous Church-State struggles that rocked the Italian peninsula, it has always been a beacon for Catholics in other lands as well. Without indulging in sensationalism, it presents the news of each day, in war as in peace, with a serenity and a sense of history one would expect from an organ published in the shadow of St. Peter's. It has seen persecutors and dictators come and go. As it coped unflinchingly with Bismarck and Combes, Mussolini and Hitler, and the other bigots and despots who had their moment, so it deals now unflinchingly with the contemporary Communist threat to human freedom. On its masthead runs the slogan, "They shall not prevail." There is no better indication than this of the spirit that stamps the *Osservatore Romano's* century of service to the Church. The entire Catholic press basks in the reflected glory of this great newspaper.

An inevitable question is the familiar query: just what authority is to be attributed to the opinions expressed in the pages of the *Osservatore Romano*? When and to what extent do its views represent the policy of the Holy Father or the papal Secretariat of State? To this question no clear-cut answer is possible. On the one hand, it is certain that the newspaper is not an "official" organ in the sense that the Holy See assumes full and direct responsibility for all the contents. On the other hand, obviously it stands on something more than the personal reputation and knowledgeability of the editor-in-chief. This is inherent in the nature of its connections with Vatican authorities.

On this subject, Count Giuseppe Dalla Torre, the brilliant journalist who directed the destinies of the *Osservatore Romano* for over forty years, said shortly before his recent retirement that it is "a Catholic newspaper in which the Holy See publishes its official bulletins. Nothing else." Technically, he is correct. But it is also true that at times this organ serves as the true and authoritative, if unofficial, spokesman for the Vatican. This point was made by Cardinal Montini, Archbishop of Milan, and Substitute Secretary of State under Pius XII, in an article written for the 60-page centennial

number issued on July 1. The former Vatican diplomat noted that the *Osservatore Romano* is at once the "oracle" of the ecclesiastical authorities and the expression of views of the man who writes on his own authority. He added the confession that, while the distinction is clear, the reality is delicate and complex.

One thing at least is sure. The *Osservatore Romano* is not so close to the papal Secretariat of State that its views are never challenged by other Catholic organs, or never disavowed, even, by the Holy See itself. American Catholics will not soon forget the unfortunate and misleading editorial, entitled "Punti Fermi," which appeared in the crucial stages of the last Presidential election. An earlier cause of discontent and criticism among some U.S. Catholics was the approval by the *Osservatore Romano*, in 1951, of President Truman's dismissal of General MacArthur.

On several occasions this Review has taken exception to editorials appearing in the Vatican's paper. Probably we shall have occasion to do so again. Such dissent on isolated issues does not signify any diminution of our respect and admiration for this newspaper venerable for its years as well as for its position at the apex of Catholic journalism. As Pope John XXIII wrote to the editor-in-chief, Signor Raimondo Manzini, and his aides, Prof. Federico Alessandrini and Prof. Cesidio Lolli, the *Osservatore Romano* is "not only a witness to history but also an architect of history because . . . it has stated the truth, defended justice, promoted the cause of real freedom and protected the honesty and the honor of the human position and dignity." To have had some part not merely in reflecting the life of the Church but also in influencing its course is surely the supreme reward of the Catholic journalist. This consolation belongs in no ordinary degree to the editors of the *Osservatore Romano*, to whom, on the threshold of a promising second century, the editors of AMERICA feel privileged to express their esteem and best wishes.

## The Sino-Soviet "Rift"

HOPEFUL POLITICAL SEERS are forever scanning the ideological skies for promising omens of an open break between Moscow and Peking.

There have been several of these wishful portents recently. Witness the story that Albania has just become Red China's first European satellite, or that Soviet Russia has outbid Red China for influence in East Asia by signing a defense pact with North Korea. But the most sensational of these supposed omens is being read into an article that appeared in the London *Sunday Times* on July 2.

According to this story, which was signed by Russian affairs authority Isaac Deutscher, Premier Khrushchev recently sent a letter to key Communist leaders in East Europe in which he drew up a blistering indictment of the Mao regime. He accused it of betraying the Moscow Declaration of 1960 that was supposed to effect ideological peace between Moscow and Peking. If the Khrushchev letter is authentic, Comrade Mao is now charged

by the Kremlin with disloyalty, subversive agitation and incitement to world war. Moreover, unless Mao reforms his deviationist and revisionist ways, Mr. Khrushchev is ready to bring him to trial before the bar of world Communist opinion.

Western diplomats have received the story about this Khrushchev letter with pronounced skepticism. This is a cautious and sensible reaction, for just as the letter may be a forgery, so the whole business about a Sino-Soviet split may be a Machiavellian fabrication aimed at confusing and deceiving the West.

It is only natural that there should be superficial tensions between Communist leaders in Moscow and Peking. Soviet Russia and Red China are at different stages of communization, and communism has had different origins in the two giants of the socialist bloc. But lack of harmony on tactics should not blind us to essential Communist solidarity on objectives and grand strategy. The forces that bind Russia and Red China together are much stronger than their divisive tensions. Both systems of communism aim at world conquest. Both are united by a common hatred of the West. They are linked by close economic ties. Neither Khrushchev nor Mao is likely to allow doctrinal differences to degenerate to such a point that disunity would jeopardize the image of monolithic solidarity that is a vital part of the Communist propaganda approach to the world.

On balance, as Secretary of State Rusk noted on July 10, there is solid evidence for tensions between Moscow and Peking, but not enough to provide a sound basis for Western policy-making. Our policy must not be a response to rumors or what may be only a contrived façade of Sino-Soviet schism. The simple fact is that whether Russia and Red China oppose us as a team or take us on singly, the net effect is trouble. No matter how wide or deep the Sino-Soviet "rift," it promises no relaxation of Cold War tensions. The Geneva conference on Laos shows that Khrushchev and Mao can easily bridge their "rift" when it suits their purposes.

## A Million Dead

WITH ITS REMINDERS of the Spanish Civil War, this issue of AMERICA will give most of us a jolt. Has it really been a quarter of a century since it all started, since we began pinning little flags on the map of Spain, as though her fair cities were insects on a board? The centenary of our American Civil War vividly reminds us how long wounds take to heal, especially when inflicted by brothers. Its memory emphasizes anew that civil strife is always more complex than participants suspect, and that even the victors in some sense lose.

Yet, how much more involved was Spain's great tragedy. Here was no mere struggle of section against section, of regionalism against centralism, of freedom against slavery (both words understood differently by opposing sides). It was this and much more—ideology against ideology, and clusters of ideologies clashing with other clusters, national groupings against others, classes against classes, proclerical versus anticlerical.

Nor was this all. When even Spaniards are hard put to comprehend their war, no wonder that outsiders are perplexed.

Little by little over the years, works of high scholarship have been exploding myths fostered by journalists and partisans of both sides. But it has taken the mind and heart of a man of letters to lay bare the soul of the war, someone with the impartial compassion of a Homer, a Tolstoy, a Pasternak, a Stephen Vincent Benét. Eight years ago, José María Gironella began his herculean task in *The Cypresses Believe in God*. Warmly and stereoptically, through the varied eyes of the Alvear family and their friends, he showed us the war's varied causes. Now, after many years of work and research, he has finished the second part of his projected trilogy. This volume, which carries the same persons through the Civil War, is called *A Million Dead* (*Un Millón de Muertos*).

This new novel has not yet been translated into English, but will surely be a best-seller when it is. In the five months since its appearance, it has been the main literary event of Spain, evoking passionate reactions. Extremists of left and right both condemn it for conflicting reasons: some call it "pink"; others "Fascist." Foreign readers, influenced by the eloquent partialities of other foreigners like Hemingway, Malraux and Koestler, will miss the simple, one-sided war constructed by literary imagination. Quite frankly, Gironella is writing "an ordered and methodical reply" to such writers, and compared to him they seem almost frivolous. In his eyes, the war was not so much waged as suffered by his country; the blood spilled was almost entirely Spanish, while his dear Spain "was turned into a platform" for rival adventurers with their alien ideologies.

Anything so deeply human resists analysis, and a human disaster as massive as this war cannot be examined coldly. "I have written this book with grief," says Gironella. "The combatants were my brothers; not just as a whole, but one by one. The killers were my brothers. The victims too." For this reason he speaks of "a million dead," even though only about half that number were physically killed; the other half were the killers, who in some way also died. He knows, too, that it is presumptuous to set oneself up as "judge of one's own people, even if it be only to say *Adiós*." This he earnestly tries not to do. He writes with love, not hate.

After 25 years we are perhaps still too close to grasp the ultimate meaning of the Spanish Civil War. Sharing Gironella's panoramic vision of Spain, at least we may learn to abandon some of our cherished "Black Legend" clichés. In that land of men, of strong individuals, of transcendental convictions, of the cult of personal honor, contrasts are often as sharp and harsh as the landscape of La Mancha, where Don Quixote seems ever alive, with lance pointing heroically upward. Perhaps Spain's catastrophe may serve as a caution to those of us who want all answers and solutions to be simple, even in areas like government and social order, where absolutes so easily betray.

# Franco Spain Today

*Gabriel Gersh*

**E**XCEPT FOR a short distance along the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts, the change of scenery, as you cross the Spanish frontier, is complete. In a few miles meadows and wooded mountain slopes change into bare and wind-swept sierras, where only the great river valleys are green and closely cultivated. Where cultivation is possible on the sierras, you find the traditional olive and corn. The same landscape continues with you from Aragon and Castile in the north through La Mancha and Estremadura to Andalusia and the Mediterranean.

A climate of extremes—cold and heat, drought and floods—aided by centuries of neglect has etched and corroded the Spanish earth into strange shapes and desert lands. All who cross the Pyrenees are struck by the physical change, yet many do not realize that the differences between the Spanish people and their neighbors are as striking.

The great majority of Spaniards live on the land. Their lives reflect the character of the countryside in which they work. Even if the political development of Spain had followed the pattern of Western Europe, her standards and ways of thought would have been different. Spain did not know the 19th century of Western Europe. That century, which brought to Europe great social changes and a steady increase in wealth, was for Spain a disastrous continuation of the 18th century. The loss of all her American possessions, 13 revolutions and 31 *pronunciamientos* in 130 years tell their own story. The social consequences of this period were equally serious, for Spain entered the 20th century without a middle class or an organized working class. This, more than anything else, was responsible for the failure of the Republic, whose leaders assumed the existence of both.

Judgments on contemporary Spain or comparisons made with Western European standards are misleading unless this background is remembered. On July 18, 1961, General Franco will celebrate the 25th anniversary of the outbreak of Spain's most recent revolution, which he personifies. A government, whatever its color or origins, that from Madrid could administer a country for so many years, while cutting through the conflicts of right and left, anarchism and separatism, could do only good to the country as a whole. In the first years after the Civil War the essential objectives were reconstruction, communications, irrigation and power for towns

and industries. All these, long taken for granted in the rest of Europe, had either been neglected or destroyed during the Civil War. Much had been done by 1950 when the government decided that every priority should be given to making Spain an industrial state.

The decision, criticized then as now by Spanish businessmen, was influenced by simple Spanish reasoning, accentuated by numerous failures of olive and citrus crops. Spain had had a great past and deserved the attributes of a modern state which historical accident and foreign capital had denied her. She had a right to the consumer goods enjoyed by other countries as well as a right to become a great power again. She needed capital goods. Since she did not have the foreign exchange to buy them, these must be made in Spain.

These arguments, with their political and traditionalist overtones, made a strong appeal to most literate Spaniards who were already resentful of the outside world's attitude to their country. The critics, mostly Basque and Catalan, thought that the work of reconstruction had not gone far enough, and advocated an industrial policy based on mining and agriculture. But they had little influence in Madrid, where the first rewards of a decade of stable government were being felt. Optimism and nationalism, aggravated by isolation, was the mood of the government.

Today the material results of 22 years of continuity of government are evident to anyone who has had occasion to visit Spain frequently, and who can recall the exhaustion and complete poverty which followed the Civil War. Roads between large towns are good and much used by tourists and heavy trucks. Railroads, now nationalized and reorganized, have received the first part of their modern equipment. Diesel electric engines are replacing pre-1914 steam locomotives, and freight can now be taken from one part of the country to another reasonably quickly. The first part of the hydroelectric program is finished and power is available for all towns and most villages. The plan has gone forward so quickly that it is estimated that by 1965 all water sources will have been exploited, and plans are being made for atomic power based on domestic low-grade uranium.

The most striking evidence of change can be seen in the towns. Ten years ago the traveler came upon Madrid suddenly. Herds of goats, and huts overflowing with ragged children, merged into the Castellana and the Plaza de España. But today Madrid is ringed with factories and has an impressive Hispano-American skyline. Its population has increased by over a million, and the streets, once agreeably empty except for the official

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car and ancient taxis, now share the familiar chaos of New York and Paris. For it is no longer—now that Renaults, Fiats and Citroëns are made or assembled in Spain—an exceptional sign of privilege for a Spaniard to own a car.

What has happened in Madrid is true to a lesser degree of all other Spanish towns. The main effort of the government has been in industry, but irrigation, hydroelectric dams and the planting of trees have begun to change the countryside. "*Lucha contra la erosión. . . Más árboles*" (Fight against erosion. . . More trees.) is a slogan now almost as common as those urging the passer-by to try various kinds of sherry or brandy.

If you come to Spain over the Col du Somport, and have the courage to leave the Madrid road after Jaca and go into desolate Sierra de Santa Agueda, you will see a small army of tractors and bulldozers leveling and terracing thousands of acres of wasteland. Trees are being planted and the whole area is watered by an intricate system from Rio Aragón. To house the future farmers and workers, a small town has been built, complete with arched plaza, church and movie house. Many similar projects have been and are being carried out in the poorer provinces of Castile, Aragon, La Mancha and Extremadura. Less striking but more important are the elaborate irrigation projects being carved out all over the country, some of them achieved by repairing, after centuries, the old waterways constructed by the Moors in the south and by Ferdinand and Isabella in the north.

Though conditions in Spain at the beginning of 1961 were still far inferior to those in Western Europe, there had been a slow rise in the standard of living over the past ten years—enough to give a patient people hope and to make an optimistic government believe that its economic policies were justified. Industrial production had increased by 60 per cent; the billion dollars spent by the United States on its strategic program had stimulated the Spanish economy; and tourist trade was growing year by year. It was perhaps natural for the government, accustomed to good fortune, to think that economic expansion and the slow improvement in living standards would continue. In particular, it set high hopes on the new steel mill at Aviles, which will double Spain's steel capacity by next year.

Yet this expansion had been obtained only on the home market and at the expense of exports, both industrial and agricultural, which are still below the pre-Civil War level, while imports for the industrial plan had risen by 40 per cent. Recently the government had to admit that it was faced with inflation and a disastrous foreign exchange situation. The government has taken drastic action to block imports, freeze wages and restrict credit, but apart from creating considerable confusion in industry, there is no sign that these measures have halted inflation. Prices continue to rise and have more than canceled the effects of the wage increases granted in the past few years. Gold reserves are low and there is little chance that the expansion of the last few years can continue. Moreover, this trend coincides with the slowing down of the American-aid program.

Nothing in General Franco's recent speeches would indicate that he regards this situation as more than temporary. Last March he said on the radio: "The most difficult hours for Spain, those of economic distress, are behind us. The positive well-being the regime has brought into the homes of all classes and the improvement in the national economy are concrete realities with which we can be satisfied." This optimism is hard to reconcile with the words of the enlightened Bishop of Saragossa in the same month. "In 20 years," he said, "no one has done anything to cure the social problems of Spain and in consequence the workers are condemned to permanent discontent."

IN THE CONTRADICTION between these extreme statements—both characteristically Spanish and containing much truth—lies the dilemma of Spain today. General Franco has never (if one discounts a small, fanatical and interested following) had popular support. He has had wide negative support, composed of many elements—the basis for which was that there was no alternative. None wished a return of civil war, or the disorders of 1933 to 1936, or the ill-considered attempt of the democracies to remove him by economic pressure and some sort of cold war. In spite of considerable improvements in the standard of living, there was no feeling among the generality of Spaniards that the government represented the interest of more than a small minority. Yet at the same time, the average Spaniard was pleased that his country was playing a part in world politics and enjoyed, even if he did not benefit from them, the splendid new buildings, universities and airfields with which the government proudly identified itself.

Strong, therefore, in the absence of any alternative to him, and of any organized opposition, General Franco was able to avoid most of the repressive measures of the German and Italian dictators. Yet he was unable to do anything to change the form of his government. Politically, socially and culturally, Spain has been static since the Civil War. The socialist tendencies of the Falange have produced the beginnings of health and social services, with impressive trimmings in the way of hospitals, training centers and sanatoriums. But these are all too few and the problem of providing adequate staffs reduces their usefulness. In the same way, the very existence of the *Sindicatos* (the structure of official trade unions permitted by the regime) has enabled Socialists and Liberals to give the workers some sense of the need to be organized. But none of this has in any way changed the character of the regime.

Today this negative support of the regime is changing into negative and frustrated discontent. These discontents are varied and as yet unco-ordinated. One common factor underlying them all is inflation and the rise of prices—this latter complicated by frozen wages. A recent series of strikes, beginning in Asturias and spreading into the Basque provinces and Catalonia, reflected these problems. The strikes were essentially economic but, for the first time, there was evidence of central direction. It was significant that they began in



Asturias, which has an old radical tradition, and where the workers are comparatively privileged. They were unsuccessful and the government claims to have the situation under control, but they contain a warning for the future.

A deep feeling of frustration and boredom is responsible for the frequent agitation in the universities. Political censorship insulates them from the outside world and from modern ideas. The small minority that makes up Spain's intellectuals gives sympathy and support. The government has explained that this agitation is the work of the Communists and has arrested a number of agitators; they often turn out to be good Catholics. It is improbable that the Communists are in any way responsible for these disturbances.

At any rate, so far as the government is concerned, Communists do not exist in Spain except among students. More probable, but not officially admitted, is that the direction of the recent strikes is in the hands of Socialists and Communists who are directed from outside. To illustrate the progress that has been made in their country, Spaniards often give the figure of four million radio sets in Spain. At will, listeners can hear *España Independiente* and its effective Soviet propaganda, and there is every reason to think that, bored by the banality and conformity of the press and radio, many Spaniards listen.

But if the average Spaniard is bored and discontented, this does not mean that the regime is in any danger, or that General Franco wishes to relinquish power. There is no evidence to suppose that he wishes to retire and much to indicate that he looks forward to many more years as head of the state. Moreover, this situation is complicated by the question of the succession, about which there is endless talk in Spain. While most people, including Franco himself, seem to think that Spain's next ruler will be a king, and that he will be Don Juan, the late King Alfonso's third son, no one knows exactly how the transition will be effected, nor what kind of government the new ruler will try to introduce. Failure to provide adequately for his succession, a common failing of dictatorships, is not the least of General Franco's defects.

Judged by normal political standards, the regime would seem to be in a critical situation with few chances of survival. But, as in so many cases, these standards do not apply to Spain. General Franco still has his assets: his great luck and astuteness, the absence of any effective alternative to him, the ample American strategic and financial investment in Spain, and the probability that political events outside Spain will once again come to his aid. In fact, the recent threat of revolution in France, the general strike in Belgium and the growing unrest in Portugal have strengthened his image as the last protector of law and order in Europe.

Perhaps the most encouraging sign of Spain's progress toward freedom is her entry into European affairs. Partly because of the challenge of international communism, partly because Spain receives large sums of foreign aid, and partly because of the annual influx of

thousands of tourists, Spain is seeking closer ties with the outside world. Again and again in conversations with numerous government officials and opposition leaders one hears the same refrain: Spain, virtually isolated from Europe for many centuries, now wants to rejoin the Europe of the West of which she is a part. When one asks how this can be done, given the undemocratic nature of Spanish institutions, there is no real answer. But the urge is there, and so is the unmistakable evolution within the syndical organizations themselves toward social—and therefore political—reforms which have only a remote connection with the notions of the early Falange era.

Embittered by their long years of enforced inactivity or subversion, some of the responsible opposition leaders deny with passion that a dictatorship can really evolve. If they are right, then the end of Franco may touch off another civil war which could have more dangerous international repercussions than the first one. But the best hope for Spain and the West is that the increasing contacts with other countries and the already clearly visible relaxation of the Franco system will, in time, hasten Spain's entry into the modern democratic world from which she has been separated for too long.

## FALCON

On the other side of our hill  
spring comes sooner;  
the frost is gone by noon there  
and winter with clenched teeth singing  
and April chill—  
on the other side of our heart.

Warm on the smooth rocks our faces  
search high in the light,  
homesick and pale for the sight  
of a bird on the shouldering sky  
where the huge air races—  
on the other side of our heart.

The valley is silent and still  
and the grassstops unstirred  
where the ants work, but one arrogant bird  
has found where the air is and mastered it  
over our hill—  
on the other side of our heart.

Downwinging the stream he floats,  
tight wing sliding  
perfect and black there, riding  
his wind; and the grace of his flight  
stops breath in our throats—  
on the other side of our heart.

Children wild and white, debating  
ironed of love,  
we follow a taut wing above—  
small heart in a towering pride—  
while we sit waiting—  
on the other side of our hill.

ROBERT B. BROCK

# Portrait of Hemingway

Charles A. Brady

"By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death . . . and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next."—Henry IV (Ernest Hemingway's favorite quotation)

IT SEEMS a rule of human nature that one writer—and not necessarily his generation's greatest—should seize upon the imagination of his time. It was so with R. L. Stevenson yesterday, and with Byron before that. It has been the case with Ernest Hemingway in our day. In the end he, who had in life been so obsessed by death, did not have the luck to die their kind of hero death after which he had quested all his days. He died, instead, the less seemly sort of death that overtook those two other European romanticists whom he also so strangely resembled, Pushkin and Lermontov.

Because Hemingway was a man greatly loved, on the whole the newspapers have shown themselves strangely forbearing toward the not so very short and not so very happy life of a writer who, ideally speaking, should have kept his last appointment with death in Uganda or Kenya, not in Ketchum. Death came for him, not on some hot Spanish afternoon, but in a cold American dawn. His art had been dying slowly over the six or seven years before. While no other traveler between life and death has any right to speculate on a fellow pilgrim's passing, one cannot help but wonder if flagging creative vigor did not play its part in this final sinister installment of the Hemingway legend.

That same self-fostered legend, which occupied so disproportionate a share of our attention in Hemingway's regard, was, when all is said and done, not really so very important. Much of it was downright silly: the boxing poses for the rotogravure sections; the slangy baby talk—the "Bwana," "Papa," "Maitre" business; the Byronic remarks, like the one to Fitzgerald, that his idea of heaven was a bull ring in which he owned two *barrera* seats, with a trout stream outside that no one else was allowed to fish. This was the side Lillian Ross made such savage fun of in the celebrated *New Yorker* profile. It was the side that took over far too many of Hemingway's own pages. Wolcott Gibbs used to parody it magnificently, until the inadvertent self-parody of *Across the River and Into the Trees* rendered all other lampoons forever anticlimactic—at least so far as Hemingway's art was concerned.

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In everyday life the self-protective buffoonery went on right up to the time of and after 1954's near-fatal airplane crash in Africa, with the highly publicized diet of bananas and gin which Ogden Nash affectionately mocked in his calypso:

I land in the jungle by the teeth of my skeen.  
Big gorilla walk up to me and talk very mean.  
He put up his mits and I sock him in the cheen.  
Then gorilla and me, we begin the beguine  
With a bunch of bananas and a bottle of jeen.

Yet underneath all the embarrassed and embarrassing exhibitionism, beneath all the popping of corks and cocking of rifles, there was a good side to the shield. Hemingway *did* go to war, after all. Until the bitter end, Hemingway *did* escape from death like some latter-day Herakles. The admittedly too-often-photographed hair on his chest was not ersatz at all. The old Mohican, who, in his art, was as fastidiously paleface as Henry James himself, was as tenderhearted underneath as he was tough-minded on the surface. It is always dangerous to underrate Hemingway's intelligence. Though, like Eliot in his poetry, Hemingway deliberately filtered out all evidence of overt cerebration, he gave the game away when, in *Green Hills of Africa*, he quoted an Australian hunter saying impatiently to him: "No. Go on. Do not try to be stupid." Reversing the little girl with the curl who, when she was bad, she was horrid, it might be said of Ernest Hemingway that, when he was good, he was incomparable.

For Ernest Hemingway stands as our greatest master of fiction between the wars—and for a decade after. I am not forgetting William Faulkner, either, who objected so strongly to Hemingway's self-imposed classic limits (and rated Hemingway fifth, among his contemporaries, after Thomas Wolfe, himself, John Dos Passos and Erskine Caldwell) on the grounds of Hemingway's esthetic cowardice: "... he stayed within what he knew. He did it fine, but he didn't try for the impossible." The difference between Hemingway and Faulkner is the difference between a cat and a dog. For the sake of objectivity, let me go on record as stating that I am a cat man myself.

Nor am I overlooking those limitations of Hemingway which by any computation must be accounted bad: his sentimentality and his adolescent bravura, especially in the matter of sex—his heroines, for example, are really no more than the dream-boats of an adolescent's fundamentalist reverie. But these strictures concern his attitudes, not his stylistics. Heming-

way's one-finger prose music is writing like the painting of Matisse. He was far from being a naturalist. His fiction reveals him to be a symbolist-moralist poet "exhaling" allegory like cigarette smoke. Limitations are one thing, limits another. He transcends and cunningly makes the best of his limits to the point where, next to James, one is inclined to rank him as our strictest artist. This probably means that he is, at bottom, one of the greater lesser writers, rather than one of the lesser greater writers. But there is real greatness here from many points of view.

What qualities make for this greatness? These: integrity; grace under pressure; a style whose purity produces the paradoxical impacts of obscure clarity and complex simplicity; compassion for the human condition; above all, utter honesty of intention and effect. "He could not be bought," said John Peale Bishop. "A writer's job," said Hemingway, "is to tell the truth." Needless to say, no one writer ever latches on to more than a portion of the truth. But Hemingway got hold of an astounding amount of it. He remains, moreover, the only major writer in our tradition who succeeds in sympathetically mediating the great Hispanic ethos. One must add these qualities also: a strong historical imagination; a keen sense of place and period; a power of precise observation; a subtly cadenced, stylized conversation that brings the movement of his stories curiously closer to ballet and archaic ritual than to drama; a romantic view of love which, for all its inadequacies, has the great merit, for our day, of being sexually normal.

Hemingway was a part-time expatriate with deep-seated indigenous roots. His art grew alongside one of the two main streams of the American literary tradition. He is not an Emersonian idealist, and he has no particular regard for this particular tributary of the American genius, which he once stigmatized as "the small, dried and excellent wisdom of Unitarians." No, he visits the dark side of the moon along with Twain and Crane and Poe, with Sherwood Anderson and two greater writers whom, however, he did not much admire, Hawthorne and Melville. Malcolm Cowley was right when he said of the stories: "Here are nightmares at noonday . . . a haunted and nocturnal writer."

**B**UT IF THE THEMES are dark, the much-praised much-maligned style is bright with the brightness of fine crystal. Once Hemingway had moved away from the first primitivist excesses of the echolalia Gertrude Stein taught her young Paris disciples, his effect justified Ford Madox Ford's famous encomium that his words like "pebbles fetched fresh from a brook . . . live and shine, each in its place." All this clean, mosaic splendor is at the service of what Hemingway himself called "the good and the bad, the remorse and sorrow, the people and the places and how the weather was," which is just about as good a definition of essential fiction as anyone has ever hit off.

Now stylistics as obtrusively tessellated as these are likely to fit the short story better than the novel. For

all the poignancy of *Farewell to Arms* and the sheer brilliance of that glittering, comic *Waste Land*, *The Sun Also Rises*, it seems to me that the best of Hemingway's roughly sixty stories will last longer. These best must include: "Fifty Grand," "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," "The Killers," "The Gambler, the Nun, and the Radio," "The Undeclared," "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber."

Hemingway has been accurately termed one of the obsessed artists. But it should never be forgotten that he was as much obsessed by God as by death, and that he was a critic rather than an apostle of nihilism, a moralist who did not approve of the rich bums and rootless expatriates who infest certain of his novels and with whom his great friend, Scott Fitzgerald, to some degree at least, was in collusion.

It has become a critical truism to describe Hemingway's muse as Catholic and Faulkner's as Protestant. (The tangled question of Hemingway's exact religious status, after his early conversion to Catholicism, might be resolved by saying that he stayed *croyant* even



while his marital coil prevented his being *pratiqueant*.) For once, a truism turns out to be true. Hemingway's habit of imagery is ritually Catholic. So is his sense of limits. So is his admiration for the Spanish thing, even for the Jesuit *mystique*, as we note in a reference to "the same town where Loyola got his wound that made him think." Look, moreover, at the sympathy with which nuns and priests are drawn in his fiction. If his controversial defense of the Spanish Republic comes in question here, it might be noted that this is precisely Belloc's stance where the men of 1789 are concerned.

Look also at Hemingway's fundamental admirations: courage, first and foremost, and fidelity; after these, love, generosity, chivalry, humility, a sense of the ridiculous. One remembers his credo after the announcement of his Nobel award: "I do not know what Man (with a capital M) means. . . . I do know what man (with a small m) means and I hope I have learned something about men (small m) and something about women and something about animals."

Hemingway felt about animals much as the cave artists of the Dordogne felt, or a Siberian shaman. He loved them, hunted them, knew how to make them the vehicles of his deepest spiritual intuitions. Consider this, the most famous of his symbols, from the beginning of *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*:



Kilimanjaro is a snow-covered mountain, 19,710 feet high, and it is said to be the highest mountain in Africa. Its western summit is called by the Masai "Ngaje Ngai," the House of God. Close to the western summit there is the dried and frozen carcass of a leopard. No one has explained what the leopard was seeking at that altitude.

No one has to explain. It is God, of course. As Brett said to Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises*: "It's sort of what we have instead of God." And Jake replied: "Some people have God. Quite a lot." In his own articulately inarticulate way, Hemingway's writing, too, had quite a lot of God about it.

A less famous but equally good self-symbol in animal terms occurs in the little-known "Fable of the Good Lion." The old man in *The Old Man and the Sea* used to dream of the lions on the beaches. This Good Lion, on the other hand, while he was in Africa, used to dream of the griffons, the winged lions, of St. Mark's. Only, when he got back to civilization, he went into Harry's Bar and asked for a Hindu-trader sandwich and a dry Martini made with Gordon's gin, an action which shocked all the habitués—for habitués, read Hemingway's bourgeois readers—most deliciously.

Like the Snow Leopard, the Good Lion tells us a good deal about the heraldic side of Hemingway, and about something else as well. If journalistic legends are so often false, it is partly because they mythologize too little, not too much. The Hemingway legend is already dead. The Hemingway myth is just beginning. On this higher mythic plane, he is many things: what Wyndham Lewis once called him, a "dumb ox," though "dumb" is surely the wrong adjective here; a sentient woodchuck capable of describing what he tastes and feels; even better, a medieval armorer-chronicler; a gladiator; a helmed legionary; Huckleberry Finn grown up and gone kudu-hunting; a sea-god even, a Triton or a Neptune. Above all he is a saga-hero defending a cave-mouth; a Viking gnawing his oar and well able to tell us the flavor of the bitten wood. Now that Ernest Hemingway has been released from the oar he manned in life, we can begin to view his saga-art in perspective and to discover its ultimate secret, which is precisely this: it was saga-art essentially, and that saga-art was better than any other body of writing in this grim century of ours; it was able to isolate the saga-essence, which remains one of the permanently recurring essences of man's tragic experience.

## Reflections on the Church in Spain

F. Robert Melina

THE RECENT PUBLICATION of Antonio Montero's *Historia de La Persecución Religiosa en España, 1936-1939*, a scrupulously documented, unforgettable account of the agony of those years, moves one who has lived in Spain to reflection on the state of the Church there today.

The persecutions during the three years of the Civil War were, of course, not unique. There had been others in the previous one hundred and fifty turbulent years of Spanish history. A quarter of a century ago, however, the Church in Spain suffered a religious persecution of unparalleled magnitude in the history of the Universal Church. Within a period of little more than six months, twelve bishops, four thousand priests and more than two thousand religious were slain. Of this period Salvador de Madariaga has written: "No one of good faith and possessing valid information can deny the horrors of this persecution . . . the mere fact of being a priest was sufficient to merit the death penalty. . . ." It is not within the scope of these remarks to examine, in any detail, the forces which led to this unprecedented slaughter of thousands who had consecrated their lives to God. It must suffice simply to indicate that historical realities—

secularism, Freemasonry, Marxist socialism and failure on the part of the Church in Spain to fulfill its role as teacher of social justice—were basic to the profound hatred which produced well over six thousand victims.

Less than a generation later a visitor can observe a multitude of Church-inspired social movements.

Among the most important is the Leo XIII Institute in Madrid, organized by Bishop Herrera of Malaga. The capable faculty of the institute devotes its energies to the training of priests and laymen for leadership in Catholic social action.

In 1956 Caritas, the nation-wide Catholic Charities of Spain, organized a Study Center of Applied Sociology. Already it has published fine monographs on such subjects as the economic and social aspects of housing, the problems of the clergy in Spain and internal migrations.

Through the center the hierarchy is attempting to come to grips with, as well as to analyze, some of the fundamental causes of social unrest. In the poorest slum areas of the large cities, a number of social centers have been established. Their efficacy is indicated by the many socio-economic development projects undertaken by the people of the depressed communities. In this respect the social centers educate the residents of the "barrios" to the potentialities of joint effort for the betterment of the community at large.

MR. MELINA has had long experience in the administration of foreign-aid programs abroad.



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Not too many years ago, under the aegis of an Episcopal Commission, the Spanish Catholic Migration Committee was organized. The committee is celebrated in international migration circles for the efficiency with which thousands upon thousands of migrants have been assisted to rejoin their families in distant lands.

Of earlier origin are the "Semanas Sociales" or Social Study Weeks, established in the first years of this century. These meetings are devoted to examining social problems and planning possible solutions.

The H.O.A.C., or Workers' Brotherhood of Catholic Action, has been striving valiantly to reach the masses. Truly a thorn in the side of the present Spanish regime, this group boasts an excellent and courageous leadership deeply conscious of the problems of the Spanish worker, but equally aware of the dangerous and difficult course upon which it has embarked in trying to establish its leadership among the working masses.

Outstanding individuals, priests and religious, whose dedicated efforts for the less fortunate demonstrated a remarkable singleness of purpose in life, persistently recur in the visitor's memory. A notable example is the quixotic parish priest from a diocese in southern Spain whose work is a joy to himself and an inspiration to others. This young priest, upon discovering that any bottle could be sold, began to dream of selling enough bottles to start a housing co-operative for his people. He proceeded to collect and sell so many bottles that his real name was soon forgotten and he is now known throughout Europe and Latin America as Padre Botellas (Father Bottles). His housing co-operative is now well under way.

Space permitting, many more instances could be recounted of the Church's efforts to attract and serve the masses. Despite all this dedicated activity, however, involving hundreds of priests, sisters and laymen, the Church has not been able, in the 25 years since the beginning of the Civil War, to fulfill its role as teacher of social justice. A social conscience has not developed among Spanish Catholics. In the absence of a sense of social justice among the ruling groups, the great majority of the people remain apathetic and, to an extent, hostile to the social action of the Church. Mass attendance in one southern diocese is limited to three per cent of the population. Yet, the bishop of that diocese is one of the most progressive and socially minded in the country. There, as in many other dioceses in Spain, the Church carries on numerous activities for the poor.

**T**HE SPANIARDS—"chill penury" has not "repressed their noble rage"—accept what is offered—food, clothing, schooling for their children—but are humiliated by the gift. A charity which is paternalistic creates resentment in the very people whom the Church is commissioned to sanctify. With unforgettable dignity, the Spaniard seeks not charity but justice.

Why, despite increased evidence of the Church's concern for the bodies as well as the souls of her children, has she not emerged in the image of a teacher of social justice?

The failure of the people to recognize the Church in

America • JULY 22, 1961

this role is due to a complex of reasons, but one of these is of capital importance.

The stifling government censorship—of necessity imposed at the outbreak of the Civil War—and its inevitable consequence, namely, an uninformed public unable to distinguish between Church and State, has left a gap in the realm of public opinion. This gap has been filled by an image subtly created by the regime (the pulpit is not as prone to speak of "Catholic Spain" as is the "throne") and unwisely or mistakenly permitted by some elements of the Church. It is an image of concord, of relatively perfect harmony between Church and State.

That the censorship has for a number of years been a source of serious friction between Church and State is, of course, not known to the masses. The leadership



for social justice required of the Church cannot be provided when the Church is unable to speak clearly and unequivocally. The Catholic press in Spain—the messenger of the Church to the people—is well organized and amounts to approximately one-third of all daily newspapers in Spain. At the present time the Catholic newspapers are, of necessity, as monotonous as all other newspapers in that country. However, in goodly number, they are prepared to render service to the Spanish people. If free to do so, a sizable portion of the Catholic press could and undoubtedly would sound a clarion call for social justice.

The Church has prepared its leadership well. Priests ordained within the last ten years are very conscious of the social leadership which they must provide. The Leo XIII Institute, the Semanas Sociales, the Center of Applied Sociology of Caritas, the Caritas itself, the Marian Congregations of the Jesuit Fathers, the many Hermandades and countless other groups and individuals could provide trained and dedicated cadres for a resurgent and truly Catholic Spain. This will be achieved only if the censorship of the press is eliminated and the people, in and out of Spain, begin to understand that the image of "Catholic Spain" communicated by the regime is indeed a distorted image of that once great, vibrant and colorful nation.

In the absence of this, would it come as a surprise if on some future day the repressions and errors of the regime were to be laid at the doorstep of the ministers of Christ?

# BOOKS

## Madison Avenue Need Not Apply

**STRATEGY OF TRUTH: The Story of the U. S. Information Service**  
By Wilson Dizard. Public Affairs Press. 213p. \$4.50

In a way this is a difficult book for this reviewer to discuss. Not only is the author a close personal friend, but for ten years I myself have been an eager, sometimes fretful member of the brethren Dizard so warmly describes in this remarkably objective portrayal of his own much-maligned profession—international propaganda.

The book itself presents a brief history of the development of our international information programs, a detailed analysis of the U. S. Information Agency's current media operations in the field, including press, radio (The Voice of America), movies, television (a tremendously fascinating propaganda possibility), exhibits, books and libraries, culture and exchanges of persons. Dizard weaves throughout his story a temperate, mature (as probably only the seasoned professional officer can give) explanation of why America must compete abroad in the field of information and, most importantly, why this relatively new diplomatic technique of information and culture is not like selling soap, and is not likely to give cheap, easy, shattering victories based on the advertising sophistry of more "bang for your buck."

Dizard presents the best explanation to date not only of how the USIA (or, as it is called overseas, the U. S. Information Service) technically operates today, but something of its problems, which are real. Erwin Canham, himself no stranger to information work as a member of the President's advisory commission on information, in his preface alludes to Mr. Dizard's lack of forcefulness in describing weaknesses, particularly of personnel. That there are weaknesses, especially of policy and personnel, anyone with a knowledge of this recently forged governmental device will readily admit. This the author does, though somewhat circuitously, mindful of his own "clearance" problem, an old but necessary harassment for officials who insist on writing.

None the less, the book tells its story, and it is an important one, since diplomacy today is not simply government-to-government but government-to-foreign-peoples and, more vitally perhaps,

people-to-people. This the Communists have amply demonstrated.

Here, Dizard discreetly indicates, is one of the problems: the full integration of the information factor into the State Department's policy-making equation. The present Administration seems intent upon finally achieving this obvious goal.

The Administration and Dizard know it is no use asking a propaganda machine to bail out a bad policy or a slow policy or no policy. It can't be done. Nor can the U. S. expect to operate overseas in more than 90 countries in delicate informational and ideological situations without officers of first-class stature—diplomats in the most modern sense, capable of drawing room as well as barroom persuasion. Dizard rightly tries to show that the growth of a need for a long-term international information effort on our part is dictated not by a desire to be loved or to "democratize" the world, but by necessity. It is dictated by the need of spreading the simple truth about America, of taking advantage of the era in which we live to expound our policies and our principles in the face of a ruthless, deceitful, practiced foe—an opponent, incidentally, with nothing but contempt for Madison Avenue and the silly notion that the world's greatest advertising nation should be walking away with this "international sales campaign."

It isn't that simple, as Dizard tries to show. He might have refrained more from using some rather superficial anecdotes describing USIS posts abroad, but he does convincingly show that USIS has its work cut out, is well aware of its problems, and through the devotion and experience of many of its foreign service officers is getting on with the job.

ROBERT F. DELANEY

## Cement of Love

**SKETCHES FROM LIFE OF MEN I HAVE KNOWN**  
By Dean Acheson. Harper. 200p. \$4

While the ashes of World War II still smoldered, the Western Allies helped rebuild a shattered foe so that all might face the new threat from the East. This was, perhaps, the most imaginative period of American foreign policy, highlighted by the rescue of Greece and

Turkey, the Berlin airlift, the Marshall Plan and the establishment of Nato.

It appears from this delightful book that one of the strongest weapons of the Allies was personal friendship. Somehow, the growth of understanding among the lovable, hot-tempered Laborite Ernest Bevin, the ascetic visionary Robert Schuman and the present author personified Western solidarity. Mr. Acheson writes that as Schuman talked, "We caught his enthusiasm and the breadth of his thought, the rebirth of Europe, which, as an entity, had been in eclipse since the Reformation."

Although few public figures have taken more abuse than Dean Acheson,

## Reviewers . . .

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RAYMOND A. SCHROTH, S.J. is pursuing studies for the priesthood at Shrub Oak, N. Y.

his own pen is remarkably kind. To give one instance, he found Portugal's much-criticized "dictator" a man of rare mind and charm: "A libertarian may properly disapprove of Doctor Salazar, but I doubt whether Plato would."

Acheson's hero is clearly General George C. Marshall, the man who never thought of himself, whose very presence compelled respect. "I shall expect of you," he told Acheson, "the most complete frankness, particularly about myself. I have no feelings except those I reserve for Mrs. Marshall."

At times this chronicle is hilarious, as when the dapper Secretary of State aims a haymaker at "boorish" Senator Wherry, or mimics Vyshinsky sneezing in the middle of a speech. Winston Churchill calculates on a slide rule his average daily liquor consumption since the age of 16 (one quart), and crosses rapiers with Robert Lovett in stag dinner repartee.

The book is rich in its lessons. The bonds of friendship between persons can inspire the union of nations. Such relationships seem impossible with the Russians. Confidence inspired by good faith and good works, plus affection, says Acheson, gives men the power to influence events.

The finest sketch, though unintentional, is the portrait of the artist. Dean Acheson comes through as a man of wit, warmth and genius, the guest you would most like to have sit across from you at a state dinner. Robert Schuman wrote to him in 1953: "You are one

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of those men who can withdraw, but whom neither their country nor their friends can forget. You have left a deep mark in my life, as well as in the history of my country, of Europe and the world."  
RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

**Man and Space**, by Ralph E. Lapp (Harper, 183p. \$4.95).

Yuri Gagarin's epic orbital jaunt is sure to awaken a new surge of interest in the how, why and scheduling of our space efforts. Lapp, a lucid science writer, has given a comprehensive and simple exposition of these matters in his latest book, which is subtitled "The Next Decade." The emphasis is on actual programs sponsored by the U.S. government. Interestingly, accurately and attractively done. Imaginative enough to provide a vicarious thrill, sober enough to enlighten the taxpayer who may want to know why we are going to shoot perhaps \$50 billion into the cosmos before the end of 1971.

#### SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL RECRUITING

By Godfrey R. Poage, C. P. Newman. 219p. \$3.50

#### RELIGIOUS VOCATION: An Unnecessary Mystery

By Richard Butler, O. P. Regnery, 167p. \$4

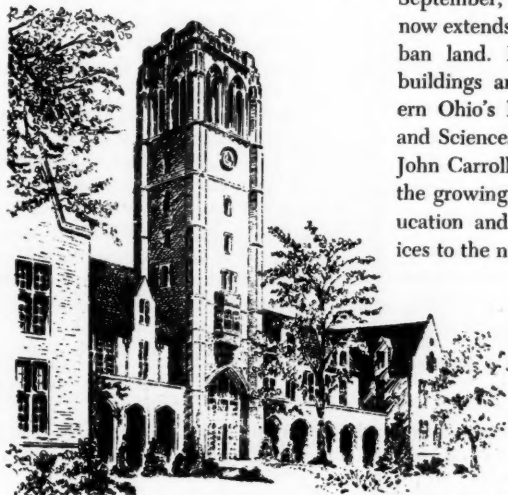
Fr. Poage's book looks like something Dale Carnegie or Elbert Hubbard might have written. It is precisely described by its subtitle: "The Principles of Religious Vocational Guidance and Tested Techniques of America's Most Successful Religious Recruiters."

The book is much more, however, than a collection of anecdotes mixed with passages torn from textbooks of applied psychology, counseling, public relations and advertising. From the very first page there is, throughout the work, a deep awareness of the supernatural. There is constant recourse to papal documents, and the many factual details are held together with considerable theological mortar.

If you begin, as many people do, to look at a new book from back to front, the 41 pages of appendices with their lists of secular institutes, notes on running diocesan vocational campaigns and vocational institutes, etc.—to say nothing of 28 pages of bibliography—will probably make you fail to realize how very easy this book is to read and how much useful information is packed with pleasant style into the first 145 pages.

Fr. Butler's book looks like a deep theological opus. It is that, since it is a thoroughly Thomistic study of the voca-

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#### KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

LAS	Arts and Sciences	FS	Foreign Service	MT	Medical Technology	Sc	Science
AE	Adult Education	G	Graduate School	M	Medicine	SF	Sister Formation
A	Architecture	HS	Home Study	Mu	Music	Sy	Seismology Station
C	Commerce	ILL	Inst. of Languages and Linguistics	N	Nursing	Sp	Speech
D	Dentistry	IR	Industrial Relations	P	Pharmacy	T	Theatre
DH	Dental Hygiene	J	Journalism	PT	Physical Therapy	AROTC	Army
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E	Engineering			S	Social Work	AFOTC	Air Force

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## KING AND CHURCH

by W. Eugene Shiels, S.J.

Shortly before America was discovered, the kings of Spain received an unusual grant from Rome. It was the royal patronage of the Church, the right to administer all religious affairs in Granada. The grant was soon extended to the Indies. This patronage produced excellent results in the establishment of religion overseas and in building and cementing the structure of empire. It deserved to be called "the most precious pearl in the royal diadem."

But the grant created an unnatural situation that led in time to a servitude of the Church to the State. Taken altogether it developed into a magnificent illusion, a Church subservient to a Crown that finally perverted the patronal function. History never gave clearer, more cogent warning against improper ties between religion and civil government.

The book aims primarily to present in full the documents that are basic to a study of the patronage, and in this to make clear just what was its origin and operation. These texts are woven into a narrative that spans the three centuries of the patronage.

W. Eugene Shiels, S.J., began his studies of the Spanish empire under Professor Herbert E. Bolton at the University of California, where he received his doctorate in 1933. Since then he has been teaching and writing in the same field. He is professor of history and chairman of the department at Xavier University, Cincinnati. He is an active member of the historical associations and an associate editor of *Mid-America*.

**LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS**  
Chicago 13

tion to the religious life, but one soon discovers what a sense of humor and what streaks of realism there are throughout the book.

One of the best things about Fr. Butler's chapters is their constant awareness of the history of the subject. The still-running theological battles are easily discerned here; the more one knows about such things, the more one will get out of the book.

Both books are required reading for vocation recruiters and for any who may still think that the idea of recruiting vocations is theologically unsound. Parents who are confused or upset about children who have vocations or have been approached by vocation recruiters will get their money's worth just by reading Chapter Six of Fr. Poage's book, "Winning the Home Front."

WALTER M. ABBOTT, S.J.

## The Old Pro and Three Newcomers

**THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT**  
By John Steinbeck. Viking. 312p. \$4.50

The trouble with this new novel by a man who was once one of the near-greats on the U.S. literary scene is that it poses as a modern morality play, but is at the same time utterly devoid of any firm sense of moral commitment. Pretending to probe into the unraveling moral fiber of America, Steinbeck can summon up only a languidly condemnatory ts-ks-ks. What made *The Grapes of Wrath* a notable book was the subdued glow of a type of moral indignation over the social ills so graphically depicted. This book whimpers where it should bang.

The story, briefly, concerns the moral decay of a good man. He is from old native New England stock and counts among his forebears intrepid whaling captains and sturdy traders. His own fortune has declined, and he is just a clerk in the town grocery store. But he is happily married, has two rather stock-character children and is not discontented. He gets the bug of ambition, however, and sets about bettering his economic condition by a series of underhand deals. He even plans to rob the local bank, but a happy accident thwarts that, and anyway he doesn't have to, because his schemes are working out well.

Indifferent to his own moral decay, he is brought up short when he discovers that his son has cheated in winning honorable mention in a nation-wide essay contest. How can he justly rebuke his son when the boy brazenly protests that he has only done "what everybody else does"?

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This is just about where the book ends. There is no focus either in the supposed morality or, indeed, in the telling, which is marred by an insufferably cute dialogue, especially when the hero is addressing his everloving wife. If our public morality is declining, this book doesn't shed much light on the whys and wherefores.

#### THE FOXGLOVE SAGA

By Auberon Waugh. Simon & Schuster. 252p. \$3.95

The author is the 22-year-old son of Evelyn Waugh. The book comes to us from England all decked out with laudatory paragraphs from a number of people who see in it the very reincarnation of the superb satiric talent of the senior Waugh.

Crusty old age may be dulling the edge of my appreciation, but I say that the book is a dud. In following the career of a handsome young man through his years in a school run by monks, through his brief army sojourn, in his relationship with his "saintly" and beautiful mother, the book is bitter and cruel and pointless. There is no doubt about the young man's ability to turn a neat phrase, but satire is not to be confused with ruthless sarcasm.

#### WALKABOUT

By James Vance Marshall. Doubleday. 126p. \$2.50

If you happen to run across this little book in a bookstore, don't pass it up because it looks like a tale for the young. It is that, but it has about it a simple quality of pure goodness that speaks to the human heart of any age.

It is the tale of two young people, a 13-year-old girl and her younger brother, who are the sole survivors of a plane crash in the Australian desert. They are saved and led back to contact with civilization by a young native who sees and accepts the fact that his assistance will bring about his own death.

There is a haunting motif here of the reality of human oneness, and the lovely descriptions of the wild land stand as a countertheme to the muted tragedy. It is deceptively and beautifully simple meditation.

#### BY NATURE EQUAL

By Josep Maria Espinás. Pantheon. 221p. \$3.75

This is the first literary work I have ever run across that was originally written in Catalan, and if that section of northern Spain has produced more nov-

els like this, I hope an American publisher will ferret them out.

For this is a fine, moving, unpretentious story that has a firm spiritual undergirding. It centers around two men: one is the employer, the owner of a large textile factory; the other is a simple clerk fighting the battle with poverty and humdrum routine, deeply in love with his wife and one child and longing for just a little higher salary so that at least another child can be afforded.

The clerk is chosen to drive the boss's car on one of his business trips. An accident confines them in a remote farm house, and there each begins for the first time to see the other. The employer begins to realize dimly that he has never known the faceless men who work for him; the clerk divines that the rich, too, have their human problems.

The book states its theme obliquely, by indirection; there is no neatly tied-up ending, but the whole tone may perhaps be best summed up by this reflection of the employer: "He believed in the dogma of the spiritual communion of saints, and he had never stopped to think about its necessary basis, the essential identity of all men."

HAROLD C. GARDINER



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The next best thing, of course, is to listen intelligently to music made by others. Here the pitfall is, plainly, passivity; and many a good person never gets above the soft-background level of half-listening. All one's investment in stereo and other gadgetry, however costly, is no substitute for active, absorbed listening. The indispensable

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thing, however, is that the listening be really an *activity*.

But there is a lower musical level to which, for the moment, I shall invite you to descend. This is the matter of reading *about* music. Now books about music are not all equally bad. They can even be good, I believe, provided they don't get between you and the music—provided they point to the music, like good teachers, and not to themselves.

A number of such music books have recently come to my desk, and mid-summer may be a good time to mention a few. Two which are not brand new, and which I hope you already have, are Donald Jay Grout's *A History of Western Music* (far and away the most useful history to date) and Joseph Machlis's *The Enjoyment of Music*. Both books are part of Norton's superlative series of books on music, and are balanced, complete and highly useful to the music listener.

Just published this week is another text for class or study-club use, *Everybody's Guide to Music* by William Hugh Miller (Chilton, Philadelphia, \$7.50). It is well organized for study, with handy outlines, charts and appendices.

If you are a concertgoer at all, the chances are you are bewitched by the antics of conductors, and in the privacy of your room you may have unabashedly waved your arms around, fancying yourself actually evoking music from chorus or orchestra. At last you may read something competent about the art of conducting, whether or not you ever even directed a choir or glee club. It is *The Art of Conducting* (Doubleday, \$3.95) by the distinguished director Michael Bowles, with an introduction by Sir Adrian Boult. There is a good deal of wisdom and experience packed here even for the mere listener.

Finally, if your reading tends toward the biographical, there are fresh accounts of several romantic composers. Doubleday has just released a paperback edition (\$1.45) of Karl Geiringer's classic work, *Brahms, His Life and Work*. Brahms is also included, together with Robert Schumann, in a warm life of Clara Schumann by Bertita Harding, called *Concerto* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5). Franz Liszt's fabulous life can hardly resist the imaginative biographer, the latest being Jean Rousselot. His *Hungarian Rhapsody* (Putnam, \$4) makes pleasant reading, not at all lurid, and only mildly sensational.

But once again, may I earnestly urge you to make music, rather than just listen or read. The push button can be a menace not only to our lives—it may

intimidate us into giving up whistling, humming and singing, even in the shower.

C. J. McNASPY



*Long before it happened, the Redeemer wept for the destruction of that faithless city. But the city had no idea what was to come upon it* (St. Gregory the Great, on the Gospel for the Ninth Sunday after Pentecost).

ONE OF THE less manageable questions of speculative theology is the thorny problem of predestination. It is entirely true to say that at the moment of his birth every human being is already, by immutable divine decree, allotted his eternal place either in heaven or in burning hell. Yet no statement could be more misleading and hence, in effect, false.

On the first Palm Sunday Christ our Lord catches sight, from the Bethany road, of the white and gleaming city of Jerusalem, and He weeps, knowing perfectly well the dreadful destruction that will overtake the City of Peace in some forty years. Instinctively we wonder: could not the omnipotent Lord Christ, the master of history, have averted that fearful tragedy which yet lay a generation distant in the future? Oddly and baldly, the answer to that very human question is—no.

The answer needs qualification, indeed. But the answer remains—no. God could have averted the destruction of Jerusalem only by destroying the freedom of the human will, and thus actually destroying not simply the people of Jerusalem but all mankind.

We always tend to confuse antecedent knowledge of an event with moral responsibility for that event. Such confusion is understandable because, in strictly human affairs, foreknowledge does carry with it a degree of responsibility. If I know, or even seriously suspect, that some peculiarly constituted individual is planning to explode a bomb in a subway or on a plane, I most certainly labor under the gravest kind of obligation to prevent such vicious criminality. Even then, however, and granted the responsibility I do have, my foreknowledge does not make me the

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In virtue of that divine knowledge which He ever shared with the all-knowing Father and Holy Spirit, the Word Incarnate knew in complete and ghastly detail the awful fate that awaited Jerusalem. But that foreknowledge does not make either the Word Incarnate or the triune God responsible for the destruction of the city. Who or what was responsible, then? Our Lord, addressing with anguish that stubborn heart and capital of Judea, tells us: *And all because thou didst not recognize the time of My visiting thee.* Nor was that blindness of the city's rulers an excusable accident. It was a willful and obdurate rejection of the salvation Christ came to offer. In short, Jerusalem was the victim of its rulers' hardness of heart.

Almighty God—and here the familiar adjective is very much in place—will not and cannot violate the freedom of the human will. Repeatedly, movingly, God our Lord offers Himself and eternal salvation to Everyman. But He will not, since Everyman is sublimely a man and therefore sovereignly free of choice and master of his destiny, compel or force Anyman to accept, against his will, what God offers.

If man stubbornly refuses God, then man must not expect to be spared the inevitable consequences of such willful, desperate choice. Yes, God knows in advance that this man or that will reject grace but the rejection belongs entirely to that man, and hence to that man belongs the responsibility for all the woe that must ensue. We may rightly say that God does not punish anybody. We masochistically afflict and destroy ourselves. To expect God our Lord forcibly to prevent us from turning the knife upon ourselves seems scarcely reasonable. One would do as much for a madman. But the truly evil man is altogether too sane.

It follows that the Christian attention must be bestowed upon the known moment, not distracted, futilely, by the unknown future. God knows my final destination, but I do not. What I do know, at any instant, are the clear alternatives that are presently offered to my free will, and the moral imperatives that must guide me in my free choice. With notable distinctness I know what I must do for God here and now in order to be safely with God there and then. If the serious follower of Christ will seriously attend to the eternally significant business of the moment, the problem of predestination will be solved. VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

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